

Business Directory.

MARBLE HALL.
LAWRENCE G. BACON, dealer in Foreign and American Marble, and manufacturers of monuments, tombstones, mantels, chimneys, slabs, shafts, &c., Upper Sandusky, O. 34-18

DR. J. ROSENBERG.
OFFICE & RESIDENCE, One Square North of Wyandot House, Main street, Upper Sandusky, O. 10-7

M'KELLY & HOYT.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Upper Sandusky, O. Office in M'Kell's Block, upstairs, 10-18

DR. G. T. McDONALD.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Office with Dr. Cressler, over Beery's store. Will attend promptly to all professional calls.

GRISSELL & KAIL.
Attorneys & Counselors at Law, Upper Sandusky, O.
Office—2d Floor, Beery's Block.

J. D. SEARS.
Attorney at Law, UPPER SANDUSKY, OHIO.
Office upstairs over the First National

DR. A. BILLHARDT.
DENTIST, 2d Floor, Beery's Block, Upper Sandusky, O. Office in Beery's Block, 10-18

JOHN PAUSCH.
JEWELER, and dealer in Silver Ware, Watches, Clocks, Cutlery and Fancy Goods. No. 3 Roberts' Block.

DR. D. W. BYRON.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, office at his residence on corner of Fourth and Wyandot Avenue, Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

MACK'S HOTEL.
CAREY O. David L. Michaels, Proprietor. Formerly proprietor of the Hotel, Atlantic, Ohio. Good standing attached.

W. A. WEIDMAN.
MERCHANT TAILOR, and dealer in Ready Made Clothing, 2d Floor, Beery's Block, Upper Sandusky, O.

H. FLACK & CO.
CLOTHIERS, and dealers in all kinds of Furnishing Goods for gentlemen's wear. Room No. 2 3rd Floor, Beery's Block, Upper Sandusky, O.

DR. R. N. MCCONNELL.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, offers his professional services to the citizens of Upper Sandusky and vicinity. Office south room McCann's Block, second story.

O. FERRIS.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Office in Beery's Block, second floor, in the office formerly occupied by Ferris & Byron.

MILLER & SNOVER.
DEALERS IN FAMILY GROCERIES of all kinds. Roberts' Block. The highest price paid for country produce.

WYANDOT COUNTY BANK.
UPPER SANDUSKY, OHIO.
BUY and sell Government Securities, Exchange, Gold, Silver and Uncurrent Money. Deposits received, and a general banking business conducted. Collections made and promptly remitted. Interest paid on time deposits.

THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS.
UPPER SANDUSKY LODGE, No. 208, meets every MONDAY evening, in Beery's Block, 2d floor. Prompt and regular attendance is requested. GEO. A. GIBSON, R. S.

TO THE AFFLICTED.
MRS. LOUISA FROSCHE,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN!
Cleveland, Ohio.

Has great success in curing Chronic Diseases, using Internal and External Remedies. Electricity, Life-resuscitator, (Bainbridge) Liniments, Baths and Poultices.

Mrs. Frosche will be here again on July 31, and August 1st, and 2nd, 1899. Nov. 18, 1898-9m

ADVERTISING RATES.
[1 mo. 3 mo. 6 mo. 1 yr.]
5 squares, 5 7 10 15
4 columns, 6 8 10 15
1 column, 10 15 20 30
1 column, 15 20 30 45
Adm. notice, 10
Legal advertisements, (one or three insertions per square), 10. Road notices, 10. Local notices, per line, first insertion, 10. Each subsequent insertion, per line, 10. 10c

MILLINERY.
CLOAK AND DRESS MAKING.

Misses Bell & Logan announce to their numerous patrons that they receive EVERY WEEK NEW AND FASHIONABLE

MILLINERY GOODS.
For which they pay cash, enabling them to sell very low FOR CASH ONLY.

We are always ready to execute all orders left with us—employ none but the best workmen and especially warrant nice and EXCELLENT FITS. Special pains taken with apprentices.

Cutting and Basting
done on short notice. They have on hand and will constantly keep for sale, Madam Puy's Corset Skirt Supporter. This supporter combines in one garment a perfect fitting corset, and the most desirable skirt supporter ever offered to the public. Rooms in Christen's Block, nearly opposite Van House.

Old Pioneer Stand
Read, Read.
I. H. & A. BEERY

At their old and popular stand, with a full stock of Dry Goods, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, &c., and wearing war against high prices. Their stock of

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS.
Embraces every variety and style, and the public is assured that their prices are as low as the lowest. Call and see them.

May 13, 1899. I. H. & A. BEERY, 1096

LETTER HEADS and Envelopes neatly and promptly printed at the Wyandot County Printing Office.



SELLING

GOODS

AT

cost

FOR

THE NEXT

SIXTY

DAYS!

W. A. WEIDMAN

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON

HAND A

SPLENDID STOCK

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,

AND VESTINGS,

Ready Made Clothing,

AND

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS!

Of every style and description, which he is offering at the very lowest prices.

Custom Work

Done to order in the latest and most approved style.

The public is most respectfully invited to call and examine the stock and prices.

Remember the place,

No. 3 Beery's Block, Upper Sandusky, Jan. 1, 1899. 1-7

Old Folks.

Ah! don't be sorrowful, darling, And don't be sorrowful, pray; Taking the year together, my dear, There isn't more night than day.

"The rainy weather, my darling, Time's waves they heavily run; But taking the year together, my dear, There isn't more clouds than sun.

We are old folks now, my darling, Our heads are growing gray; And taking the year together, my dear, You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling, And our roses long ago; The time of the year is coming, my dear, For the silent night and snow.

And God is God, my darling, Of night as well as day; And we feel and know that we can go Wherever He leads the way.

Aye, God of the night, my darling, Of the night of death so grim; The gate that leads out of life, good wife, Is the gate that leads to Him.

Grandma's Dreams.

I wonder what grandmas is thinking about, As she sits in the corner there, With the fire-light shining into her eyes, And over her silver hair?

She has laid her knitting across her knee, And folded her hands so this, And I know that her thoughts are far away, In spite of the children's din.

I'm sure it is something strange and sweet, That brightens her eyes so dim; Perhaps she is seeing the golden gates, And hearing the angels' hymn!

And she smiles to think that she will cross Where the wonderful river rolls, And gather the roses of youth again, In the beautiful garden of souls!

WORTH HER WEIGHT IN GOLD.
"Thank fate! I shall never be the prey of a fortune-hunter."

As Sally Beauchere uttered the words she threw herself back upon the sofa, and tossed her handsome head with a light laugh.

"Your fortune is your face," rejoined her champion, as he gazed admiringly on her fine features. Sally opened her large eyes in astonishment.

"A compliment from you, Tom!" she exclaimed.

The gentleman colored, "I know I am not much given to pretty speeches, but you know, Sally, that I admire you all the same."

"To tell the truth, Tom Middleton had for a long time loved Miss Beauchere, with all the strength of an earnest and constant nature; but he was very diffident; he had shrunk from making known his attachment, fearing Sally's ridicule, though had he been more confident of himself he might have read long ago a secret that Sally's eyes took little pains to conceal. But Tom never imagined how desirable a fellow he was in himself, and, knowing he did not venture to offer his hand to the daughter of Senator Beauchere and the reigning belle of the city. Sally was one of a large family, it is true, and portentious, but her father's position and her own beauty made Tom imagine her to be far removed from him. Now, he only looked hurt when she thus playfully sneered at his small compliment, and, turning away to the window, did not catch the tender look which stole over Sally's handsome features.

"Well, what is the weather?" she asked, after a moment, as he still stood gazing out into the night.

"It is beautiful moonlight, and I think I had better go."

"Go! Oh, Tom! Why this is the last time I shall see you for ever so long."

"And will you care?" he asked, as he came again to her side.

Sally blushed. "Of course I shall care, Tom."

"No, Sally, to-morrow you are going to Washington. You will be gone there, as you are everywhere, and you will soon forget me."

"No, indeed, Tom!" she replied earnestly. "Among all those strange faces and people I don't care anything about, I shall long to see my old friends."

"But not me. You won't care much whether I am along the number or not."

"Yes, I shall."

Tom was a fool where women were concerned, and he would have known what those words in that soft tone meant. As it was, a wild hope did spring up in his heart, but when he looked again at that beautiful woman it died away. "I am not brilliant enough for her," he thought; but he plucked up sufficient courage to put out his hand and take one of hers.

"You are very kind, Sally," he said, "I shall come on to Washington, by and by, and then I shall know how lowly your words are."

Sally's cheek burned; but at that moment the door opened. Tom dropped the hand as one of the numerous young sisters came in, and the golden opportunity passed away, for they were not together again that evening.

On that very same night nearly a thousand miles away, two young gentlemen were speaking of this same young lady. They were travelers, who had accidentally met on board a steamer on Lake Erie. They were total strangers, and were ignorant of each other, but had fallen into a chat as they strolled on deck, under the rays of the full moon.

"I never was so far from land before in my life," said the elder of the two, a fine-looking man of perhaps thirty-five.

"Indeed!" exclaimed his companion, a handsome, city-bred looking gentleman, "May I ask where you are from, that your sea experience has been so limited?"

"From the interior of North Carolina."

"Ah!" cried the stranger, and his cold features lit up into sudden interest. "Then perhaps you know the Beaucheres?"

"Very well, indeed; they are old friends of mine."

"And Miss Beauchere, you know her?"

"Certainly."

"I hear she is very handsome."

"Yes, I do know her?"

"No, I have merely heard of her; but I expect to meet her in Washington this winter."

"She is the oldest daughter, is she not?"

"Yes."

"And is Senator Beauchere a man of wealth?"

"Yes; that is, he has a very fine estate."

"Miss Sally is the daughter of the first marriage, is she not?"

"Yes, and a noble girl. Why, she is worth half a million in herself alone," exclaimed the North Carolinian, enthusiastically.

His companion started a little at the word, but changed the conversation to other subjects, and before long the two gentlemen parted for the night, still in ignorance of each other's names.

They did not meet again, but in the morning exchanged merely a distant bow as they left the boat in opposite directions.

The weeks passed on, and Sally Beauchere was established with her parents at Willard's Hotel in Washington. As Middleton had predicted, her beauty and talents drew around her a circle of admirers, and before long she was established as one of the reigning belles in Washington.

The admiration and adulation which she received, Sally found more intoxicating and delightful than she had imagined. It was very pleasant to be the beauty of every ball room, and to be constantly surrounded by a circle of admirers. The idea of returning to the humdrum life of home was not always pleasant to her, and she sometimes felt half inclined to think seriously of accepting some of the brilliant offers that were made to her. She had a good deal put out, too, with Tom, for not speaking before she came away. Some times she was half inclined to doubt his love for her, and although his earnest eyes yet haunted her with their wistful look of affection, she had more than one serious thought of trying to banish the remembrance and marry, as many others around her did, for money rather than for love.

Most prominent among her sworn admirers was Mr. Charlton Murray, of New York. Handsome, distinguished looking, and reputed to be of great wealth, he seemed to be a match not to be despised. Since the moment of his first introduction to Sally, he had devoted himself to her most persistently. Every day a bouquet of fresh flowers came to her room with compliments; every morning he hung over her chair; every evening he was ready to attend her at the balls and receptions.

Sally, to tell the truth, was very well pleased with his admiration; he understood so well how to play the agreeable, he paid her such pretty compliments, he was so handsome and thorough bred. He had made his proposal in form, and Sally was listening to his earnest pleading, as they sat half hidden from observation in one of the windows of the hotel parlor.

"Pray, Miss Sally, think favorably of my suit. My hopes of happiness, my future life, depend upon your reply."

The words were earnest, the tone impassioned. Sally's cheeks burned as she hesitated for a reply. "I've known you so short a time," she faltered.

"What is that? You have known me for five weeks, and during that time you have seen me more frequently than you would under different circumstances in a whole year. I have known you long enough to love you—madly, distractedly love you! And you have known me long enough to bid me at least hope."

She did not reply, and he bent toward her, taking her hand in his eagerness. "Sally, my dearest Sally!"

At that moment she caught sight of a gentleman who was talking with her father. "There is an old friend of mine. I must go and speak to him." And she sprang up without other reply to her impassioned suitor. Murray looked after her with a smile of triumph. He had little doubt of his ultimate success. "Mr. Trumbull, how do you do?" cried Sally, as she came forward.

"Ah, Miss Sally, I am glad to see you again," exclaimed the gentleman. "Washington dissipation has not spoiled you, I see; you are more blooming than ever."

Sally laughed and blushed.

"Come, now, don't you bore Mr. Trumbull with politics, but leave him to me for a while, to tell me how every one is at home."

Sally's cheeks burned, and she turned away, and Sally and her old friend sat down side by side. Mr. Trumbull had married one of her school mates, and she regarded him almost as a brother.

"Well, Miss Sally, tell me about your beaux. Whose heart have you broken last?"

Involuntarily Sally glanced toward Murray, who stood in the window regarding her with a jealous eye.

"No body's," she replied, lightly; but Mr. Trumbull's look followed hers.

"Why, who is that fellow who is watching you so earnestly?" he exclaimed with a start.

"Mr. Murray, of New York, if you mean the young gentleman in the window."

"It is the very man I saw last fall and spoke of to you," said Mr. Trumbull. "Has he been making love to you?"

"What did he say about me?" asked Sally, ignoring his last words.

"He did not say much; he asked a great many questions about you. But say, has he proposed to you?"

"Never mind whether he has or not, but tell me what he said," urged Sally, eagerly.

"He asked if your father was rich for one thing."

"Did he?"

"And what did you say?"

"I said yes."

"And what else? Tell me all about it," she cried, imperiously.

Mr. Trumbull laughed. "I told him you are worth half a million of dollars," he said.

Sally's mouth contracted, and her eyes flashed. "You did! Why, Mr. Trumbull, why did you say that?"

"I meant you are such a fine girl you are worth it; and, really, Miss Sally, I think it too low an estimate. I ought to have said two millions."

Sally laughed. "Oh, that is so funny! And do you suppose he believed it?"

"Certainly. And so he has been courting you?" Mr. Trumbull said.

"Perhaps so; but are you sure he is the same man?"

"I think he is, but a question will soon set that at rest."

Sally started in her impulsive manner. "Come, I will introduce you, and then I shall know the truth of this extraordinary story."

Mr. Trumbull would have remonstrated but she was half way across the room before he could interfere. Murray started forward with pleasure as he saw her approach him.

"He is an old friend of mine, who thinks he has seen you before," she said. "Mr. Trumbull, Mr. Murray."

The gentlemen shook hands, and then Mr. Trumbull said: "I think we met on board a boat on Lake Erie, last fall."

"Yes," replied Murray, with a faint flush: "I remember it perfectly."

A few more words were exchanged, and Murray walked away.

"Are you going to marry him, Miss Sally?" asked Mr. Trumbull.

"No, indeed."

"Is he rich?"

"He is said to be very wealthy."

"Then you suppose fortune will be a matter of indifference to him?"

"But what if his is as mythical as mine?"

"You must find that out."

"No, I do not care to know now," said Sally. "Let us talk of something else."

"Yes, I thought you were going to ask after your old friends. Have you forgotten all about them in these gayeties?"

"Oh, no," and Sally put query after query about her old friends, until at last Mr. Trumbull said: "But you do not ask for Tom Middleton, and yet you might, for he cares more for you than all the rest of them put together."

"Oh, that's nonsense! But how is he?"

"He will tell you himself."

"Tom here?" exclaimed Sally, her face lighting up with delight.

"Yes, indeed. We came on together."

"And why hasn't he come to speak to me?" and the pretty face clouded again.

"He says he did not dare before all these people; but if you will go up to your parlor, I will send him there."

Sally started up at once, and Mr. Trumbull looked after her with a smile. He had been hoping for this match for a long time, and now, as he went out to find Tom, he whispered to him:

"Speak to her to-night, man! I am sure she loves you."

Tom scarcely knew whether he was on his head or his heels, as he made his way to the private parlor. He only knew that Sally came to meet him with a bright blushing face, and the next thing he was certain of was that she was clasped in his arms.

At a tolerably early hour the next morning a note was handed to Sally. It was from Mr. Murray, renewing his offer, and begging for speedy interview.

"Ask the gentleman to come up," Sally said to the servant, and Tom, who was with her, went out without a particle of jealous objection.

The young man came up, and would have seized Sally's hand but she drew it back laughingly. "Stop a moment, Mr. Murray; I should like to ask you a question."

He paused, abashed by her resolute face. "What is it, Miss Beauchere?"

"Do you know how much money I am worth?"

He hesitated and stammered. At last he said: "Your friend, Mr. Trumbull, did mention to me that you had some fortune, but I assure you dear Sally, that it is of yourself alone I—"

Sally checked him with an imperious gesture. "I have not a penny in the world."

He stood still, looking at her with a pale, astonished face.

"Yes, sir, I am entirely without fortune, and whoever weds me must take a portionless bride."

"I am—very—sorry"—he gasped out the words.

"No need to express your regrets, sir. I am engaged to be married, and I will bid you good morning."

Murray got out of the room as best he could, and vanished that day from Washington. His wealth turned out to be a mere fabrication of his own, and he was heard of no more in fashionable circles.

"After all, wasn't it funny that I should be courted for my fortune?" Sally said, as she related Mr. Murray's discomfiture to Tom.

"But I agree with Mr. Trumbull," he replied enthusiastically—"that you are worth your weight in gold!"

A Negro Priest.—A True Story.

While Dr. England, Bishop of Charleston, was on a visit to his native city, Cork, he became acquainted with an exceedingly intelligent negro, Irishman by birth.

After a few interviews with the young man, he conceived the idea of educating him for the priesthood believing he would be servicable in that capacity amongst the negroes in South Carolina, many of whom were Catholics. Consequently he sent him to France to prepare for holy orders. After spending several years in the seminaries, having completed his studies, the young man came to Charleston, and the Bishop ordained him, gave him facilities and sent him on his mission among his brethren, but strange to say they received him very coldly, and in fact gave him to understand that they did not want him—that they preferred white shepherds.

This greatly discouraged him, but he labored earnestly for a time, till, finding he could do no good, he resolved to leave them and go to Europe, where he could be better received. Accordingly, he started for New York, to take passage for France. Arriving early on Saturday morning, he concluded to say mass, as usual. St. Peter's being the nearest church, he directed his steps thither. Dr. P., who was the pastor, was a native of Cork, like our friend. Having come to the pastoral residence, our friend ascended the steps, rang the bell, and inquired for the pastor.

The servant informed him that the pastor was at breakfast, and, pointing to the basement, "If you wish to see the doctor, go down there."

Having closed the hall door, the servant ran down to the Doctor, and told him that a "very consoling-looking nigger man" was coming down to see him on important business.

"Tell him to come in here," said the Doctor.

When our friend entered the room, the Doctor, without rising from the table bowed politely to the man, and said, with a rich Cork accent: "Good morning, sir."

"Good morning," kindly replied our friend, with just as rich a brogue.

The Doctor, surprised at the accent, looked carefully at the man, and said to him very inquiringly, "What countryman are you, sir?"

"I am an Irishman, sir."

"An Irishman?" said the Doctor, still surprised.

"Yes, sir; an Irishman."

"Then what part of Ireland are you from?"

"I'm from Cork, sir."

"Were you born there?" said the doctor perfectly astonished.

"I was, sir," replied our friend.

"What is your occupation?" said the Doctor.

"I have the honor of being a clergyman-priest."